

Is being boring, bad?

by Jezebel Zoetrope

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Summary: My name is Hiccup. I'm a Surplus. I don't belong here. I've been sent to Grange Hall to pay for my sins, actually my parents sins. Why, because they had me. Story line from the Declaration. Rated T because I'm paranoid might change in future

1. Chapter 1

OMG idea, we had to read The Declaration by Gemma Mally for our English set book and idea popped into mind. So... I had to write this story. Please if there is anybody out there who has read the book, please tell me. Our English teacher said she had to import it from Overseas.

(PS I normally skip all this so no hard felling if you do ;) just will help you understand better)

Flying pigs and opera singing whales, The Phantom JZ

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><p>PLEASE READ FOR STORY OUT LINE!**

This story is set in a dystopian future (opposite of utopia) where all people had to sing a document called The Declaration, when singing the declaration you get to take Longevity witch makes you immortal, but the catch is you are not allowed to have children if you do you will be sent to prison and your child to a Surplus Hall (eg. Grange Hall in the story) and your children will have to 'pay for your sins' by doing hard labour and getting beaten daily if stepping out of line or thinking out of the box. Having your own thoughts is a sin. A Surplus are children whose parent have broken the law and have 'no right to live'

Blurb:

My name is Hiccup. I'm a Surplus. I don't belong here. I've been sent

to Grange Hall to pay for my sins, actually my parents sins. Why, because they had me.

2. Chapter 2

Hiccup: Journal

My name is Hiccup. I'm a Surplus. I don't belong here. I've been sent to Grange Hall to pay for my sins, actually my parents sins. Why, because they had me. I like the name Hiccup. Mr Black tried to renamed me after I came here but he said I was too stubborn and didn't answer to anything else. Mr Black says my name reflects what I am, a hiccup. Mr Black is someone you don't want to cross paths with. Once step out of line and you will be sent to Solitary for

three whole days, Solitary is where they send Surpluses once they have stepped out of line, to be all by themselves, no one to talk to, nothing to do.

"Hiccup" shouted Mr Black from where the smalls slept

"Yes" I said averting my eyes

"Prepare a bed"

"Forâ€|"

"A pending" said Mr Black. What!? a pending. Only small or some times a middle came but a pending, impossible. The pending must it least be 11 they can't be 14.

"What are you waiting for boy get on with it." Mr Black said.

"Yes sir" I said and hurried away. A pending, never has a pending ever come to Grange Hall. I thought as I hurried away to preparer a bed for the pending.

The pending didn't come until the middle of the week during our Decorum lesson. When they entered every body turned to look, but being the good surpluses I didn't look. Tried to. But couldn't. When I did look there he was, bright white hair, pail skin and bright blue eyes that were staring into mine full of playfulness and challenge, the type of light I only see in smalls when they first arrive here, hope. Mr Black appears suddenly at the door.

"This is Jack" he says grimly "You will sit next to Hiccup" and the takes his leave. The lesson went well until he said to me

"Hiccup, Hiccup Hadock III" he said. My eyes widened before turning back

"I don't know who you are talking about" just then the teacher announced the end of our lesson and I rushed off to lunch, funny thing was I couldn't stop thinking about those icy blue eyes all of lunch. Until I heard

"Hey useless!"

Snotlout

* * *

><p>Done! Smalls are children from new borns to 7 year olds. Middles are children from 7 to 10 year olds. Pending are ready to go work for Legals (people born into Longevity)<p>

They are from 11 to 16 year olds.

Done the FIRST chapter!

Talking flowers and hippies in leotards: The phantom JZ

3. Chapter 3

Sorry for for being away so long, now the weekend I will write mor chapters

this one is longer, enjoy

Dancing dodoes and starfish play on violins: the phantom JZ

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><p>"What Snotlout " I say<p>

"Heard you have the new surplus in your classes" says Snotlout "you tell him if he tres to mess with me he will be messing with these" he says gesturing to his fists

"You can tell me your self" says a mysterious voice from behind, Jack.

"What did you say frosty" said Snotlout I was beginning to get sandwiched in-between them, I stepped out from between them, the were nearly nose to nose.

"I said you can tell me your self" Jack repeated

"Watch it or I'll-" Snotlout began before I interrupted him

"Let's just go Jack" I said turning around dragging Jack with me.

"You won have a bodyguard forever frosty" taunted Snotlout

Dragging Jack with me I pulled out of the cafeteria and down the hallway

"You can't let him treat you like that" says Jack

"I can't do any thing about it if I do he has the right to send me to solitary. Anyway he is right" I say

"Why?" Asks Jack shocked

"I always trip over my feet in Decorum, mix the reds with the whites and mix up over dosages with under dosages" I say with a little chuckle. We walk down the hallways until Jack asks

"What's your favorite color?"

"Color?" I ask surpluses aren't aloud to be creative, and what he asked me shocked me

"Yea, color. You know yellow, red, green, blue, pink those colors" he said, matter of factually.

"I have none" I reply

"Aaaww, come on" he wines

I glare at him for several seconds before replying turning away

"Fine green"

"Really!?, mines blue." He says proudly

"Why?" I ask. No too many questions.

"Because I like the frost"

"Frost?"

"Yes, if you give me a piece of paper and a pen I will show you" he tells me

"Sorry I don't have any paper" I say casting me eyes down wars

"You are lying~" he sings

"No, I'm not" I say in defense

"Where are you hiding it" he looks me in the eye. I take a brief glance to the bathrooms, bad idea.

"Haha, in the bathrooms" he says before running off.

"Wait, Jack. Come back here!" I shout silently running after him. He is a very fast runner by the time I have caught up with him he is on the floor with my journal that has all my drawings in it.

"Wow, these are really good." Jack says in awe

"No, they aren't" I say quietly

"Yes they are " he says looking at dead in the eye.

After that I sat down and we looked through the rest of my pictures until he asked me to draw him. So we spent the rest of lunch drawing and looking at my pictures, not felling hungry, but content in each others arms.

* * *

><p>Ok done! Sorry for being away so long but school has been a pain. Pleas I will try post chapters quicker<p>

Dancing dodoes and starfish play on violins: the phantom JZ

End
file.